

WILMINGTON JOURNAL.

DAVID FULTON, Editor.

VOL. 1.

OUR COUNTRY, LIBERTY, AND GOD.

WILMINGTON, N. C., FRIDAY, JUNE 13, 1845.

ALFRED L. PRICE }
AND } PROPRIETORS.
DAVID FULTON }

NO. 39.

PUBLISHED
EVERY FRIDAY MORNING.

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OF THE
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Two Dollars and fifty cents if paid in advance,
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3 50 at the expiration of the year.
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A Poor Excuse.
The Knickerbocker furnishes the following
"Poetical Epistle," from J. G. S. to a bachelor
friend urging him to enter at once into the conju-
gial state. He thinks it the "sovereign" thing in
creation.

Don't tell me you 'hav'n't got time,
That other things claim your attention;
There's not the least reason or rhyme
In the wisest excuse you can mention.
Don't tell me about "other fish,"
Your time is done when you buy 'em;
And you never will relish the dish,
Unless you've a woman to "fry 'em."

You may dream of poetical fame,
But the story may chance to miscarry;
The best way of sending one's name
To posterity, Charles, is to marry.
And here I am willing to own,
(After soberly thinking upon it)
I'd very much rather be known
Through a beautiful son, than a sonnet.

Don't be frightened at querulous stories,
By gossiping grumblers related,
Who argue that marriage a bore is
Because they've known people mis-mated.
Such fellows, if they had their pleasure,
Because some "bad bargains" are made,
Would propose, as a sensible measure,
To lay an embargo on trade!

Then, Charles, bid your doubting good bye,
And dismiss all fantastic alarms;
I'll be sworn you've a girl in your eye
That you ought to have had in your arms;
Some beautiful maiden, God bless her!
Unencumbered with pride or with pelf,
Of every true charm the possessor,
And given to no fault but yourself!

To procrastination be deaf—
(A caution which came from above.)
The scoundrel's not only "the Thief
of Time," but of Beauty and Love!
Then delay not a moment to win
A prize that is truly worth winning;
Celibacy, Charles, is a sin,
And sadly prolific of sinning.

I could give you a bushel of reasons
For choosing the "double state;"
It agrees with all climates and seasons,
Though it may be adopted too late.
To one's parents, 'tis (gratefully) due:
Just think what a terrible thing
'Twould have been, sir, for me and for you,
If I had neglected the ring!

Then there's the economy, (clear
By poetical algebra shown;)—
If your wife has a "grief" or a "fear,"
One half, by the law is your own.
And as to the "joys" by division
They are somehow doubled, 'tis said,
(Though I never could see the addition
Quite plain in the item of bread!)

Remember—I do not pretend
There's any thing "perfect" about it.
But this I'll maintain to the end,
Life's very *im*-perfect without it.
'Tis not that there's "poetry" in it,
(As doubtless there may be to those
Who know how to find and to spin it.)
But I'll warrant you "excellent prose."

Don't search for an "angel" a minute,
For suppose you succeed in the sequel,
After all the duce would be in it.
For the match would be highly unequal.
The Angels, it must be confessed,
In this world are rather uncommon,
And allow me, dear Charles, to suggest,
You'll be better content with a *woman*.

Then, Charles, be persuaded to wed;
For a sensible fellow like you,
It is high time to think of a bed,
And a board and "fixins" for two.
Don't think about "somebody else" first.
A poet almost in "the sore!"
A "Major" and not married yet!"
You should do "nothing else" for a year!

From the Washington Union.

The Hero's Last Hours.
BY PARK BENJAMIN.
"A few more days, and all must be over with
the Hero of the Hermitage." *Daily paper.*
A few more days, and he must sleep in death,
A few more days, and unto God, who gave,
The brave old hero must resign his breath,
And sink serenely to a tranquil grave;
Sink like the sun more gloriously at last
Than when his rays in broad effulgence glowed,
And over sea, and plain, and mountain, cast
Meridian splendor from his high abode.

For valor, wisdom, justice, truth renowned,
By tyrants hated, and by freemen blessed,
With all his country's loftiest honors crowned,
He goes to welcome his eternal rest;
Rest, that his soul has sighed for many years,
With the dear partner of his manhood's prime;
Rest in a realm undimmed by doubts and fears,
Beyond the power of change, or sway of time.

Statesman and warrior, patriot and sage!
A nation weeps thy late and slow decay;
First of the living great on history's page,
Who will remain, when thou hast passed away?
Who of that noble band, the tried and stern,
Men of the old heroic stamp and creed,
On whom the present race may look and learn
How to be wise in thought, and bold in deed?

A few more days, and over all the land
The bell's deep toll, the cannon's solemn boom
From west to east shall sound the sad command,
"Ye people, mourn your hero in the tomb!"
Him, slumbering peaceful, strife can reach no more;
By glory's halo circled in his name;
And long, oh freedom, as thy eagles soar,
All thy new triumphs shall record his fame!
New York, May 19.

The difficulty of acquiring our language,
which a foreigner must experience, is illustrated
by the following question: "Did you ever
see a person *pare*, an apple or *pear*, with a pair
of scissors?"

Population.—A newly married couple went
housekeeping, at Boston, in Poplar street.
At breakfast the next morning after their en-
trance, the gentleman said to his lady:
"My dear, this is Poplar street, and by put-
ting u (you) in it, it becomes *popu*lar."
"And by putting *us* in it," promptly replied
the lady, "it will become *popu*lar."

Cure for Mange in Dogs.
My Dear Sir:—A love of that faithful ani-
mal, the dog, induces me to send you the fol-
lowing remedy for the mange or scabies, as it
is sometimes called, a disease with which
he is often grievously afflicted.

Give 50 grains of arsenic twice a week; mix
equal quantities of red precipitate, and Venice
turpentine in hogs lard, with which he should
be anointed two or three times a week. Re-
peat the arsenic and ointment, taking care to
rub the latter in well, until the dog is cured.
This will be evidenced by the healthy appear-
ance of his coat, and the increased liveliness
of the animal. It will generally be effected
in two or three weeks. I have after much
practice found it infallible.

Exchange paper.

Fire.—We regret to learn that on Monday
last week, the dwelling house and out houses
of Spencer L. Hart, Esq. of this county,
were destroyed by fire. The fire originated ac-
cidentally in a kitchen near the dwelling
house, and so rapid were the flames that but
little of the contents of the buildings were saved.
The loss is estimated at \$3000.

Turbid Press.

Has had the Measles.—A kind hearted woman
took her little orphan niece to school the other
morning, and the teacher, affectionately sym-
pathizing with the bereaved condition of her
pretty pupil, said to the aunt:
"The darling little creature has not, then, had
delectable advantages of paternal solicitude?"
"No marm, but she has had the *measles*."

Fashion makes people visit when they had
rather stay at home, eat when they are not
hungry, and drink when they are not dry.
She ruins health, and makes fools of all her
followers.

Forgetting her.—John, I fear you are for-
getting her," said a bright-eyed girl to her
sweetheart, the other day.
"Yes, Sue, I have been for getting you
these two years."

From the New York Alleghanian.

A MOUTHFUL OF PICKLED DOG.

A long-limbed, wiry-made countryman
of the real Alleghanian breed, determined
the other day to have a full view of Niaga-
ra, before emigrating from Western New
York to Wisconsin, whither his folks
were all bound. Having partly satisfied
his curiosity on Goat Island, he crossed
to the Canada side, and soon after presen-
ted himself at the hotel near the falls, ask-
ing "if they couldn't give a fellow some-
thing to eat."

"Where do you come from, my friend,"
said an Englishman, who sat smoking a
cigar upon the piazza, and who thought
he saw in our friend a fit subject for a quiz.
"Where do I come from, mister? why
from a good way long off, if you only know-
ed it; and that is clear from the Forks of
the Alleghany, near down alongside the
Seneca nation, in York State, is my place
where I'm to home."

"The folks of the Alleghany?" said the
other; "then I suppose, my friend, you are
a true specimen of what your countrymen
call an out-and-out United Stateser, a real
live Alleghanian, and no mistake."

"I never heard afore of such a critter as
an Alleghanian; but I tell ye, mister, I
come from just among the spurs of the moun-
tains; the real sprouts of the old back-bone;
and if Alleghanian means the real prickly
grip of Ameriky, I am just some of that
same—I am. A true Alleghanian boulder,
by heaven; and I only want to see the man
that has a word to say agin it—I do."

"I did not mean to annoy you, my friend,"
said the Englishman soothingly, "I only
wished to ask you about that dog of yours:
He looks to me like an Indian dog; and
hearing you ask for some refreshments,
suggested the inquiry whether or not that
was the kind of dog they eat in the Seneca
nation, near which it seems you have
resided?"

"Eat Hawk!—eat my dog Hawk! I'd
like to see man or hound, mister, that
would dare to put a tooth in him."

"Why, my good fellow," replied John
Bull, whose sporting sensibilities were so
roused by this remark, that he instantly
forgot his waggery,—"why I have a bull-
terrier here in the yard that would eat him
up at a mouthful, but I don't want to
examine him, he is nothing but what
we would call in England, a miserable cur."

"I tell ye, mister, if Hawk be a cur, he is
nevertheless a real Alleghanian cur, as you
call it, and such a cur will lick five times
his weight in English bull-dogs."

"Why he has no scars about him to show
that he is a fighter," said the Englishman,
curiously examining the dog's head and ears.

"Shall I tell you why, mister?"
"Why?"
"Because Alleghanian dogs is a kind of
critter that gives scars instead of taking
them."

"Alas! that's it, is it?" said the English-
man, drily. "Well, my Alleghanian friend,
I will bet you this golden sovereign against
a silver dollar, that my bull-terrier will
shake that Alleghanian cur of yours to pieces
in less than five minutes, by my watch
—in short, will make a single mouthful of him."

"Wal, wal—that's all fair," replied the
Alleghanian, scratching his head. "But ye
see, mister, Hawk ain't had his vittles to-
day, no more than his master, and it isn't
in flesh and blood to do its best at fighting
on an empty stomach."

"I will order your dog to be fed," then.
You can, in the meanwhile, be eating your
own dinner, and we'll have the fight after-
wards."

"That's all fair, that's all fair, too; but
mister, as to planking down my silver shir-
er on that yellow piece, I don't know that
I altogether like that, somehow. We don't
see much gold our way, and that sover-
eign, as you call it, looks to me for all the
world, only like a brass Indian medal."

"You won't bet on your cur, then," said
John Bull, contemptuously. "You repudi-
ate, perhaps, all you have said in his
praise; in a word, you back out!"

"Back out, mister? Nuthin' on air is
further from my natur. I tell'd you I were
a boulder—a real Alleghanian boulder—and
I am. But I want to fix things in a
Christian like manner, and not rob folks
of their money on the highway, as it were."

"How, then, shall we make up the match,
my good fellow?" said the Englishman, not
unkindly.

"Why, now," replied the Alleghanian,
with great simplicity, "if you and your bull-
terrier want so much to get a fight out of
Hawk and me, why can't you go in and
tell the gentleman who keeps the tavern—
whom you know and I don't know—why
can't you tell the gentleman to give me
and Hawk a real good dinner, with some-
thing good for a feller to drink, and then
let the dogs fight afterwards, to decide
which of us is to pay the shot. Why can't
you do that, I say, if you're so tearin' mad
to have a fight that you will risk your gold
upon it?"

"The Englishman could not help laugh-
ing heartily at the Alleghanian's notions of
what constituted a fair bet; for the propo-
sition arranged left John Bull nothing to
win, whatever might be the result of the
fight, except the possible satisfaction of
seeing the countryman's poor cur receive
a drubbing from his bull-terrier. Diverted
however, with such an original, he instan-
tly ordered the tavern-keeper to give the
Alleghanian whatever he might want for
himself and his dog, adding, that he would
be responsible for the bill.

"Wal, I guess I'm all ready," said our
Alleghanian friend, about half an hour af-
terwards, as he stepped out on the piazza,
smacking his lips, and wiping his mouth
with his coat-sleeve; "I guess I'm ready,
mister, and you may bring along that bul-
l-pup of your'n as quick as you please, for
I have to be going."

"Here he is," said John Bull, and in the
same moment, a stout, tan-colored, com-
pactly built, and vigorous looking dog,
with tusks like those of a wild boar pro-
truding from his black muzzle, roused him-
self from under the bench on which his
master was sitting. He gave a low, muf-
fled growl as he rose, while poor Hawk,
who was just thrusting his nose out of the
door-way, shrank back in terror behind the
heels of the Alleghanian.

"Why, your dog has no fight in him,
my good sir?" quoth the Englishman, petti-
tishly.

"Don't be too sure of that," replied the
other; "the fight always lies deep down in
our Alleghanian dogs; but when you on't
get at it, 'tis the real thing, and no mistake.
As for Hawk, here, he hasn't had his drink
yet; and besides that, I always talk to him
all alone by himself, afore he goes into a
fight—I always do."

"Well, there's water in the horse trough,
and there's the bar room for your talk,"
said John Bull, utterly confounded by what
he now cursed, inwardly, as the cool im-
pudence of the United Stateser, who had
slandered him out of a dinner in the name
of a dog that would not stand up even to
receive a flogging.

"Drink from a horse-trough!" cried the
Alleghanian disdainfully. "Hawk isn't that
kind of a critter, mister."

"What does he drink, then?"
"But pepper-sauce. You may look, mister,
but I tell you, pepper-sauce is my dog's
drink. I see that gentleman in the bar has
lots of bottles of it on the upper shelf, and
if he will only let me have a couple of 'em,
with that pail, in that back room, so as I
can talk to Hawk alone, while he drinks—
I say, if you will only tell the gentleman
in the bar to furnish me with these con-
veniences, I'll show you whether or not
that British bull-terrier of your'n can eat
up an Alleghanian cur at a mouthful."

"Give the fellow the bottles, the pail,
and the back room," roared John Bull thro'
the open window; "give him whatever he
wants, and put the whole in my bill; I'm
determined to hold the knave to his origi-
nal agreement, in some way or other."

Within the next five minutes, the Alle-
ghanian had shut himself in the room com-
municating with the bar, emptied the pep-
per sauce into the pail, and placing his dog
Hawk therein, saturated thoroughly his
shaggy coat with the pungent mixture.—
The Englishman, all impatient, meanwhile
stepped into the bar-room, followed by the
bull-terrier, when suddenly the inner door
was flung open, and there stood the Alle-
ghanian, gesticulating with one hand, while
he held Hawk with the other.

"Bring on your dog!" he shouted—"bring
on your British bull-terrier that is going to
eat us up!—bring him on, I say, and let's
see if an Alleghanian cur isn't more than
a mouthful for him."

"Seize—seize—seize him!" hissed John
Bull between his teeth, at the same time
clapping his hands and striding rapidly to-
ward the inner door, while his bull-terrier
with a fierce growl, sprang past him full at
the throat of poor Hawk. The Alleghani-
an had released his own hold upon his dog,
and it seemed as if all must be over with
him if those voracious jaws once fairly fas-
tened upon his neck. The yelp of Hawk
proved, indeed, that the bull-terrier did
give one severe bite, but the next moment
saw the latter rebounding against his mas-
ter's legs and working his slavering jaws,
as if trying to disengage a swarm of hor-
nets that had lodged upon his palate.

"You confounded scoundrel!" roared the
Englishman, "what poison have you put
upon the hair of your vile cur?"

"Wal, mister," quoth the Alleghanian,
coolly, "I rather guess that Hawk was in
such an all-fired passion for a fight, the
pepper-sauce he drank just now, must have
sweated through. At any rate, your bull
pup seems to have had enough of pickled
dog at one mouthful!"

"You scoundrel, you!" thundered the in-
dignant Briton, "I have a good mind to
take you in hand myself, and punish you
well for the villainous trick."

"Now don't use sich ugly words, mister;
I'm a boulder; I'm one of 'em, I tell ye,
and no mistake—a real Alleghanian boul-
der. But if you want, right in earnest, to
get a fight out of me, all you have to do, is
to order supper and a bed for me, and to-
morrow, arter breakfast, you and I will try
a friendly knock down or so, to decide
which shall pay for them."

The crowd, which had meanwhile col-
lected around the door of the tavern, shout-
ed with laughter at this proposition, while
John Bull hastily retired from the scene,
having probably already had enough of a
real Alleghanian boulder.

Anecdote of Mathews.
Innumerable stories are told of the pranks
Mathews delighted to play under different
disguises and in different characters. No
doubt there is much exaggeration in these.
I was myself sceptical as to Mathews's
power of concealing his identity from per-
sons to whom he was known. I happen-
ed to mention this to Peter Cox, who as-
sured me the following instance occurred
under his own observation:

"I was invited," quoth Peter, "to dine
at the Piazza Coffee house to meet a select
party, among whom was Mathews. The
room we dined in had two doors. Mathews
sat on the right hand of our entertainer, by
whose desire I seated myself next to Ma-
thews. During dinner, the latter mention-
ed that an acquaintance of his, an obsti-
nate, opinionated old bachelor, whom he
had known in the north was in town, and
that he was exceedingly apprehensive this
person, who was intolerably rude and over-
bearing, would find him out, and force
himself on the company. After dinner,
Mathews made himself exceedingly agree-
able, and we were all in the acme of en-
joyment, when the waiter, entering, an-
nounced that an elderly gentleman was
below, inquiring for Mr. Mathews."

"What's his name?" asked Mathews in
great alarm.
"He didn't say, sir. He says he knows
you are here, and he must see you."
"Old Thwaites by—!" cried Mathews,
starting up;—"knew he'd ferret me out."
"Stay,—what sort of a man is he?" said
our entertainer.
"Has he a brown great coat on?" de-
manded Mathews.
"Yes, sir."
"Green specs?"
"Scratch wig."
"Yes, sir."
"Stoops a good deal, and speaks in a
north-country accent!"
"Exactly, sir; you've—"
"Ah! I knew it," interrupted Mathews,
shrugging up his shoulders, and shooting
to the stair's head.
"I tell you I know he's in the house,
and I will see him!" vociferated a voice on
the stairs.
"Say Bannister's taken ill—I'm gone to
the theatre," cried Mathews, rushing in,
seizing his hat, and bolting.
"He had scarcely made his exit one door,
when Old Thwaites appeared at the other.
The latter's appearance corresponded in
every respect with the description given
by Mathews.
"Where's Mathews?" demanded he, ab-
ruptly, in strong north-country accent.
"I know he's here, continued he hobbling
in the room, and looking sharply around,
and I must see him."
"Mr. Mathews was here, sir," replied
our host, with more politeness than I tho't
the occasion called for; "but he's just gone
to the theatre and—"
"That won't pass with me," interrupted
Mr. Thwaites, rudely. "I know he's in
the house;—on can't bamboozle me. I
know he doesn't play to-night,—I've as-
certained that. So here," continued he,
putting down his hat and stick, and seat-
ing himself in the chair Mathews had just
vacated, "here I stay until I've seen him."
We all started at this.
"You're quite welcome to stay, sir, as
long as you please," said our entertainer,
coolly. "But what I tell you is the fact.
Mr. Bannister is taken suddenly ill, and—"
"It's a lie, sir," interrupted Mr. Thwaites
again; "tis a—die, sir!" repeated he, strik-
ing the table with his first until the glass-
es jingled again, "and you all know it,"
he roared, looking fiercely around.
Of course, we all rose at this.
"Pray, gentlemen," said the entertainer,
be seated, I beg. As an elderly gentle-
man—as a friend of Mr. Mathews, Mr.
Thwaites is privileged to—pray resume
your seats, gentlemen."

We obeyed; though I confess I felt
strongly inclined, in spite of his years, to
kick the intruder out.
"So you know me, do you?" proceeded
Mr. Thwaites, filling out a bumper; Ma-
thews mentioned me, did he? Pah! what
rot-gut stuff! what beastly wine! I wonder
you can drink such rubbish. Pah!—noth-
ing—anything's good enough for you
cockneys," added he, with a sneer. "Ha!
ha!—curse me if I think you know good
wine when you can get it."
Some of us ventured to dissent from this.
But Mr. Thwaites stuck to his assertion,
and maintained it with as much rudeness,
that it acquired all the tact of our entertain-

er to preserve order. No matter what
subject was started, Mr. Thwaites was
sure to render it the theme for discord; un-
til at length the patience of the company
becoming exhausted, we rose en masse,
and were on the point of forcibly ejecting
the intruder, who, pulling off his wig and
spectacles, disclosed the features of Ma-
thews himself!

I had for some time suspected this. My
proximity to the supposed Mr. Thwaites
enabled me to detect a horse-hair attached
to the wig, which, passing under Mathews'
nose, entirely changed the expression of
his countenance. But no other person,
except our entertainer, who was in the se-
cret had the slightest suspicion of the
cheat; the admirable manner in which
Mathews supported his assumed character,
but above all, the celerity with which he
returned, so completely altered in his ap-
pearance, precluding the possibility of his
being identified.

The Oregon Fever.—The "Expositor," of the
23 ult., a paper published at Independence, (Mo.)
the very extreme part of our border civilization,
comes to us in a kind of ecstasy at the throng
of immigrants to Oregon now collected at that
place. It would have us believe not even our
crowded business thoroughfares present so bust-
ling an appearance as the dusty roads of Inde-
pendence. Let the editor speak for himself:—
"Even while we write we see along train of
wagons coming thro' our busy streets; they
are hailed with shouts of welcome by their fel-
low voyagers and, to judge from the pleased
expression on every face, it 'galls merry as a
marriage bell.'" On looking out at the pas-
sing train we see among the foremost a very
comfortable covered wagon, one of the sheets
drawn aside, and an extremely nice looking la-
dy seated inside very quietly sewing the bot-
tom of the wagon is carpeted; there are two or
three chairs, and at one end there is a bureau,
surmounted by a mirror; various articles of or-
nament and convenience hang around the sides
—a perfect prairie bonidor. Blessed be wo-
man! Shedding light and happiness where'er
she goes; with her the wild prairie will be a
paradise! Blessed be him who gave us this
connecting link between Heaven and man to
win us from our wilder ways. Hold on there;
this is getting entirely too sentimental; but we
don't care who laughs, we feel better and hap-
pier when we looked on this picture than we
may express. That fine manly fellow riding
along by the side of the wagon, and looking
in so pleasantly, is doubtless the lady's hus-
band; we almost envy him. But they are past,
and now comes team after team, each drawn
by six or eight stout oxen, and such drivers!
Go it boys! We're in a perfect Oregon fever.
Now comes on a stock of every description;
children, niggers, horses, mules, cows, oxen;
and there seems to be no end to them. From
present evidences, we suppose that not less
than two or three thousand people are congreg-
ating at this point, previous to their start up-
on the broad prairie, which will be on or about
the 10th of May."

"Ma! Ma! Cousin Bill, he's in the parlour
with sister Sal, and he keeps a bitin' her."
"Cousin Bill biting my Sal!"
"Yes'm—I seed him do it ever so many
times; bit her right on the mouth—and the
tarnal gal didn't holler a bit nother."
"Oh—ah! never mind Ned, I guess he didn't
hurt her much."
"Hurt her!—by gosh she loves it, she does;
cuss she kept a lettin' him and didn't say noth-
ing, but just smacked her lips as though
'twas good—she did. I seed it all through
the key hole. I'll fig taters at him, I gosh!"

AGRICULTURAL.

Producing much on little Land.—Instead of
seeking, as most farmers do, to add perpetually
to the quantity or measure of their land, it would
in most cases, be much more expedient and
profitable to make it their study, on how little
land can I obtain the greatest quantity of pro-
duce, with all the labor and manure I can com-
mand? If, for example, he can, by a skilful
course of culture, obtain 1000 bushels of wheat
from twenty acres, 50 bushels per acre, how
much better and more economical than to get
the same quantity from 100 acres, or 10 bush-
els per acre! In this observation, it may be
said there is nothing new, yet seeing how un-
usually it is disregarded, in the practice & ha-
bits of the country, it cannot well be too often
repeated and enforced by every mode of illus-
tration. The 100 acre field in the first place
requires, for seed, 100 bushels instead of 20;
but the loss of this 80 additional bushels of
grain for seed in the commencement, is scarce-
ly worthy of regard, in comparison with other
losses involved in the cultivation of 100 acres
as compared with 20, to obtain the same re-
sult—note the vast difference in the amount
of labor. There are 80 acres extra to be fre-
quently ploughed and harrowed, as all land
should be, far more than is usual; for it is im-
possible that the roots of plants should ex-
tract from the soil, completely, all the food it
contains for them, unless by being finely and
infinitely separated and pulverized, it may be
made every particle of it, accessible to roots.
The Roman, who tilled his farm, as many did,
of only four acres, was not satisfied with less
than nine times ploughing and harrowing for
wheat. Then have to calculate the addition-
al labor which must be employed in cutting
over 80 extra acres, hauling it, and threshing
five times as much straw to get a given quan-
tity of grain. We have said nothing about
the additional fencing required, and taxes to
be paid.—Hence we repeat that the farmer
should economize as to his labor and other re-
sources, and study not on how much, but how
little land, there should be bestowed to ensure
a given result.

The average product of Indian corn, for ex-
ample, is probably not more than 20 or 25
bushels to the acre; in all the old States there
are well authenticated accounts of more than
100 bushels from an acre. It is, in fact, not
easy to set limits to the capability of the earth
under the most favorable circumstances.

"Get out of the way, or I'll knock you into
the middle of next week."

"Sir, you will much oblige me by so doing,
as I have a note to pay in the bank on Sa-
turdy next."

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